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MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 499.)

VII.

Glinka was, above all things, what people have agreed to call a man of distinguished appearance. His polished manners, varied instruction, and the care he took not to parade these gifts; the absence of all pedantry in him; and his scrupulous observance of the most delicate gradations of social position stamped him as a thorough man of the world. His physiognomy was gentle, but his attitude had that indefinable something feline about it which characterizes his race and endows his countrywomen with such irresistible attraction. He spoke equally well Russian, German, Italian, and French, possessed a marvellous knowledge of English, and learned Spanish in a few lessons in Paris. At first sight, therefore, he might have passed for a cosmopolitan gentleman. But the surface did not require much scraping for the Russian, the real Russian, to be found beneath. Pleasure exerted a powerful empire over his senses. In Paris, he lost the half of a year with grisettes and fifteenth-rate actresses. He was very fond of French wines, appreciating the vintages of Champagne and the Bordelais, which did not prevent his smiling very tenderly on a certain wine of the Caucasus. He possessed one quality especially characteristic of a Russian: ardent patriotism with that particular touch of sentiment which the French have lost since the time of Louis XV.—genuine domestic affection for the sovereign and the dynasty. He was in Paris when *L'Etoile du Nord* was performed for the first time. Though very intimate with Meyerbeer, who was most polite and attentive to him, he did not go to see the piece, because, as he said, Peter the Great was treated disrespectfully in it. He loved his country as he had always known it, and would not hear of any changes. One evening, a friend of his, a professor at the Moscow University, was at his lodgings. Hearing him utter some slightly revolutionary theories, Glinka flung himself on his knees before a statue of St Nicholas and exclaimed: "O great Saint! destroy, I entreat you, the University of Moscow and that of Wilna as well, that there may be as few people as possible who speak like yonder man!" This humorous sally caused everyone to laugh, himself included. But his repartees on such occasions did not always assume this pleasant form. He generally got angry and things took a disagreeable turn. Towards the close of his life, when his nervous system had acquired a morbid predominance in his organization, he could not bear the slightest contradiction; he grew irritated and got in a state of over excitement, quickly followed by utter prostration. Dehn, who at that period was his most assiduous visitor and helped him to receive his other friends, used to say to them by way of welcome: "Leave your umbrellas, your galoches" (this was at Berlin), "and politics outside."

Glinka was, nevertheless, a man of frank, open mind, especially in what related to music. He even retained in his ripe years, when so many others shut themselves up in a circle whence they will not again emerge, a rare aptitude for comprehending, feeling, and admiring. Novelty never frightened him; on the contrary, he was fond of extending the horizon of his knowledge, but in order more especially, if we must tell the truth, to enlarge the field of his enjoyments. All his life, he affected the ways of an amateur. He never composed save at his own time and under a vivid impression; as for his literary and musical education, he trusted to chance for its completion. He did not know Gluck till very late, and we see him, when past forty, going into ecstasies over the beauties of *Armida*, which for him was what Baruch was for our good friend La Fontaine.

Glinka was most keenly alive to the beauties of music. He was particularly fond of Bach and Handel, but Beethoven had the privilege of moving the utmost depths of his soul. It was with tears, on the occasion of his first journey, that he attended a performance of *Fidelio*. One day he came home to his wife, pale, and with his features contracted, as though he was overwhelmed by profound emotion. "What is the matter with you?" she said. "Beethoven!" "What has he done to you?" Without making any reply, Glinka threw himself into an arm-chair, and, hiding his head in his hands, remained for a long time incapable of uttering a word. He had just heard the Symphony in A.

During his last stay in Berlin, Dehn, with some other artists and his wife, often went to see him. They used to play quartets.

Glinka always preferred works with which he was unacquainted, and, when the music came to end, thanked his visitors with effusion. But the perusal of scores fatigued, just as the study of counterpoint had repelled him. The dogged pertinacity which chains an artist to his piano or his writing-table, the intensity with which he applies himself to learn everything that may assist him in opening up a new path, were qualities of which Glinka knew nothing. It is true, however, that we shall soon see him studying very earnestly the scores of Berlioz. That composer produced an extraordinary impression on him. His conversation dazzled and his works astounded him. Exceptionally excited by Berlioz's symphonies, and flattered by the attention paid him by so great a composer, a critic of great authority and seldom kindly, Glinka saw new spheres open to his imagination. He thought, as he himself will tell us in a confidential letter, of plunging into the path opened by the French symphonist, and of writing characteristic orchestral pieces of large proportions. These projects ended, however, in very trivial results. After his journey to Spain and return to his own country, Glinka did not compose anything, or composed only very little. Illness, and, to speak frankly, a certain desultory mode of life, prevented him from producing as much as he might have done. He mistrusted probably his own power. He was fundamentally irresolute. We have seen how he hesitated at the outset of his career. The stage, on the whole, occasioned him more annoyance than pleasure, and he would have seized with eagerness an opportunity of devoting his powers to some other branch of his art. But he was no longer of an age to dare, and at the period in question timidity had, no doubt, the upper hand. We perceive in him a trait peculiar to the Russian character, and that is: excessive modesty, extending almost to humility. Russians are not, like the Germans, infatuated with themselves, their knowledge, and their power, or, if they are, they do not show it. On the contrary, they make themselves very little, never speaking but with respect of what has been done by others, and desiring apparently only to do as well. It seems as though, having first taken part in the proceedings at a very recent date, they beg pardon for mingling with the concert of civilization a voice so little exercised; they beg to be told their defects; they are ready to correct them, and to study, until they execute their part well. Such a disposition, excellent under certain circumstances, is a matter of regret if, as in Glinka's case, it attains such a pitch as to paralyse an artist's faculties and stifle his power of initiation. In the *Memoirs* we come every moment on instances of this over-modesty. Referring to an air from *Life for the Czar*, sung at a concert given by Berlioz at the Circus in the Champs Elysées, the *Charivari* printed the following: "Seeing that at the commencement of the air the same motive recurred some ten times or so, we thought for a moment that Russian music, like hyperbolic horns, possessed only one note." Glinka took this joke of a comic writer seriously. "At the moment," he says, "I was greatly irritated, but I now see the criticism was just. In the *allegro* the fifth of the dominant recurs very often; it is very national but very monotonous." More than once, when speaking of his compositions, does he assume this off-hand air. Meyerbeer said to him when he was passing through Berlin: "How comes it, M. Glinka, that we know you very well by reputation, but that we know nothing at all of your works?" "That is exceedingly natural," replied the Russian composer. "I am not in the habit of hawking about my productions." He hawked them about so little that twenty years afterwards Meyerbeer did not possess a copy of *Life for the Czar* or of *Russian and Ludmila*, though they had long been engraved. When, in 1853, Glinka went to Paris for the second time, the author of *Les Huguenots* paid him a visit and insisted on having the two scores, which Glinka, therefore, gave him. The two musicians then began talking about music, and on Glinka's expressing some opinion, which was probably unexpected, Meyerbeer said: "You are very severe." Hereupon Glinka replied: "I have a right to be so, for it is on my own works that I begin exercising my criticism and I think them only mediocre." A short time afterwards he tried to write a grand symphony. He had written a good part of the first movement, when Don Pedro, an unfortunate Spaniard, whom he had attached to his person during his first visit to France in 1845, flung, accidentally, no doubt, the MS. into the fire. In his *Memoirs*, Glinka relates this unlucky act of his travelling companion, and adds: "After all, he was a very good

fellow, was Pedro!" In the face of this indifference, too constant not to be sincere, would not anyone fancy the composer to be some man of the world talking of attempts to which he attached only secondary importance, rather than an artist who has faith in his work, and believes in his mission? Yet, if it be true that suffering is a link wherewith men are bound, Glinka ought to have loved his operas, if he only recollected the emotion they caused him. And in reality he did love them. The failure of *Rousslan* deeply grieved him, as we know. But he had a proper appreciation of his own worth. He was a force; he knew this, and sometimes in moments of intimacy gave way to slight manifestations of pride. "Look here, my dear," he said one day to his sister, "they will understand your Micha* when he is no more, and *Rousslan* in a hundred years' time." The intelligence of the public, in as far as *Rousslan* and *Ludmila* is concerned, has advanced more quickly than he hoped. Scarcely was he slumbering in his tomb ere the work was resuscitated, and rose unexpectedly in public estimation. It has now conquered the first place in the Russian repertory. Great has been lately Glinka's influence on the musicians of his country. But it would have been more immediate had he exerted it in his lifetime, had he possessed a little of what makes Glucks and Wagners—resolution. It is after his death that he has become a reformer and an initiator; while he was alive he did not push ambition so far. It would seem as though he owes the part he filled solely to the intuition of unconscious genius, ignorant of itself. We do not see him enter seriously on a conflict with the prejudices surrounding him, or the systems adopted by the taste of the age. He speaks with disdain but without anger of what he considers triumphant platitudes. On the day when, having given the world a work he thinks good, he sees the crowd neglect it, he simply lays down his pen as a composer, without attempting to resist, and scarcely protesting against what strikes him as an act of injustice. Resolution never had a chance of development in Glinka, though he certainly possessed a power of work which, under other circumstances, would have made him a fertile genius. But for this, it would have been necessary that he should be compelled to look on composition as a means of subsistence, or that he should be encouraged and, so to speak, solicited by success to produce. Neither one nor other of these conditions came into play to influence his destiny. He was always above want; his father, thanks to successful financial operations, had recovered his position and gained a fortune that would be respectable in any country. As for the opinion of his contemporaries, it was never very favourable to him as a composer. The members of certain circles, especially in high society, spoke of him in a way which grieved him deeply, especially when, as happened not seldom, any portion of the conversation reached his ears. He had dreamt of founding a national school of music, and he saw those who should have aided him in realizing so noble a project entirely devoted to the admiration of certain routine objects, and absorbed, so to speak, in the worship of foreign art.

One evening in the year 1856, Mme Schestakof conceived the notion of taking him to the theatre, without telling him that the opera was *Life for the Czar*. Even at that period he was intellectually fatigued and depressed; his sister fancied that by means of a surprise, which she thought would be an agreeable one, she might restore to his shaken spirit its elasticity. The effect produced was alas! very different! Glinka had not seen his *vieille* (it was thus he designated the older of his two operatic scores), since 1836, the date of its production. It appeared to him that the scenery and dresses had never been renewed, and, under such faded adornments, his score struck him as cutting a sad and piteous figure. The mounting of the piece was miserable. *Life for the Czar* was subjected to the same lot as all other masterpieces forming the back-bone of the repertory. Everyone is supposed to know them; they are played from time to time on a Sunday, or when, owing to the indisposition of a member of the company, the bill has to be changed; every singer appears in them in turn, without any one's thinking of going over a scene or rehearsing the piece. This negligence and carelessness was only too evident and painfully affected Glinka. Some persons meanwhile, in the body of the house, having recognized him, wanted to get up a demonstration in his honour, but he received timely intimation of their purpose

and escaped. The next day he had a nervous attack, which Mme Schestakof attributed to the mortification he experienced at seeing his work so miserably disfigured. Except the affection of his excellent sister, there was nothing to encourage him. Consequently, the day of his departure, in 1856, for Berlin, was a sort of deliverance for him. To his sister, who accompanied him in the carriage to some distance from the capital, he observed: "When shall I be able to say I shall never see this wretched country again?" He was not destined to see it again. Did he have a presentiment that one of the greatest successes of his life was awaiting him in Berlin? When we consider his destiny in the light of this fact, Glinka recalls vaguely to our mind the memory of our great symphonist, Berlioz, to whom he was attached by sentiments of reciprocal esteem. On certain sides of his character he approaches the great German reformer, Richard Wagner. We will presently explain in what the connection consists. It is very curious, and up to the present has been little studied.

(To be continued.)

GOLD WIRE AND BAND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A new apparatus called "Resonator" has been exhibited by Signor Bach, which, from a paragraph in the *Musical World*, July 3rd, is calculated materially to assist public speakers and singers by increasing the volume of sound. The apparatus consists of a couple of gold plates, one acting as a vibrator on the body of the other.

The use of gold in the construction of musical instruments, never yet thoroughly investigated, offers an interesting field for experiment. Four metals are distinguished as capable of being hardened to spring temper, and in that state possess more or less power of vibration. Steel, hardened by tempering, is used for pianoforte strings. Brass is hardened by drawing down or flattening, but its elasticity is not equal to steel. Nickel can also be drawn or flattened, possesses great springiness; but no metal either in a pure state or mixed with other metals equals gold, if combined with copper, silver, or both, for ductility and powers of vibration. A spiral spring made of 15 carat gold—that is 15 parts of fine gold to 9 parts of copper drawn into wire—possesses more "springiness."

Many years ago I superintended the manufacture of some gold wire on this principle, as a string upon an ordinary pianoforte, and the results were marked. Not only was tone considerably increased, but its quality materially improved. With the thinner and shorter strings this was so noticeable that it is surprising the idea should not have suggested itself to others. 15 carat wire drawn down at least 6 holes after softening answers best. I have also suggested the use of gold for the vibrating tongues of the harmonium, concertina, and other instruments of the kind. Some time ago I asked an amateur zither player to try the effect of gold wire upon his instrument, and he has since assured me that the increase in tone is so remarkable that he has substituted it for the steel strings with complete success. I think the idea one that merits further inquiry. The expense (if advantages are to be gained), should not deter those most interested in the matter. The harmonium tongues are made so thin that little extra outlay would be required, and with small loss, seeing that the old gold can be re-melted. Let anyone take a disk of steel the size and thickness of a sovereign, throw it on to a wooden table so as to make it ring, then take a sovereign and beat it in the same way. The first will have a dull sound as if the metal were cracked, and the second a bright metallic bell-like ring. A still better test is to throw a piece of steel band on the floor, listen to the vibrations, then do the same with a strip of gold of the same size and density. Gold has been used for the strings of the virginal, with what effect I cannot say. Everything depends upon the gold being alloyed and hardened by drawing down to the desired condition in which it will stand nearly the same tension as steel.

PHOSPHOR.

TURIN.—The committee of the Popular Concerts having offered a prize for the best symphony, ninety-four were sent in. The first prize was awarded to Sig. Uberto Bandidi of Rome, the second to Signora Olimpia Bini-Manugaldi of Bologna. Two others were "honourably mentioned."

FLORENCE.—Gaetano Fabiani of Empoli has carried off the prize offered by the Royal Institute of Music for an eight-part setting, in the strict style, of Psalm CXVI; that offered by the President of the Institute for an essay on *The Art of the Organ in Italy* has been awarded Signor Antonio Bonuzzi, chaplain in the Cathedral of Verona.

* An affectionate diminutive for "Michael."

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The selections, vocal and instrumental, during the past week have offered a variety of attractions calculated to interest the general public and, on that account alone, precisely suited to entertainments of the kind. They have comprised, moreover, not a few examples of music to which the epithet "sterling" may justly apply. On the "Classical" nights (it is a pity no other name can be invented for such special occasions) this is, of course, a *sine quâ non*, and the first concert of the season thus denominated may be taken as a fair example. After the *Euryanthe* overture, for which, like the romantic opera it so characteristically ushers in, Weber, there is good reason to believe, cherished a marked preference, and an air by Handel, sung by that promising tenor, Mr Frank Boyle, came the *allegretto* from Mendelssohn's long-suppressed "Reformation Symphony," so tuneful, piquant, delicately scored, and unlike any of its companion movements as to have given rise to much speculation with regard to its absolute significance in the place it occupies. A genuine inspiration of melody, however, finds grace at all times, and this *allegretto* is a case in point. Two movements—"Chaconne" and "Rigaudon"—from the opera of *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, composed in 1766 by the at one time famous Pierre Monsigny (whose libretto, by the way, was used some forty years later by another once famous composer, Henri Berton, remembered above all by his *Montano et Stephanie*), are not only historically interesting as specimens of the dance music of the period, but must always please if only by reason of their quaintness. The impetuous "Ride of the Walkires," from the first drama in Wagner's Trilogy, to which *Rheingold* is but a prelude, following, with the mere intervention of the opening *cavatina* from *Lucia* (sung by Miss Annie Marriott), sounded strange in comparison. Though taken at a somewhat slower pace than that to which we have been accustomed by Herr Richter, it was well played by the fine orchestra under Mr Cowen's direction, and applauded, as it never fails to be. How this would have astounded the ears of Monsigny and Berton may be easily imagined. The somewhat monotonously tranquil *andante*, and quite bucolic *finale* (after the Hummel style and pattern—witness the *rondo* of his A flat concerto), from Chopin's concerto in E minor (the pianoforte part played by Miss Bessie Richards), was a contrast equally noticeable. In fact, the concerto should have come next to the excerpts from *Aline*, for where the thunder of the Wagnerian orchestra is heard in its plenitude there remains but little chance for mere abstract music. Happily, between the overwhelming "Ride" and the symphony of Haydn, which brought the first part of the concert to an end, there were two songs, one by Liszt, "Der du von Himmel bist," the other by Schumann, "Der Nuss-Baum," which ranks among that master's most melodious and expressive *Lieder*—both given by Mme Antoinette Sterling in her own engagingly quiet and contemplative way. These formed a bridge to pass over leisurely to the Symphony in C major, one of the perennial series which the composer of the *Creation* wrote expressly for the historically memorable "Subscription Concerts" given in 1791 by the violinist Salomon, who, in default of Mozart (whose death occurred nine months later, in that very same year), could not have hit upon a worthier substitute than Haydn. Salomon's orchestra consisted of less than forty executants, and it would not a little have surprised the composer to hear his work performed by such a company of stringed instruments. That it is a model of construction, and that while each of the four movements possesses a distinct character of its own, they form integral parts of a logical and consistent whole, amateurs more or less versed in the writings of Haydn need scarcely be reminded. Apart from his seemingly inexhaustible vein of melody, however, this perfection of form was a distinguishing trait in all that proceeded from the untiring pen of the "Father of the Symphony and Quartet." A better performance could not have been desired, more especially of the playful and animated *rondo-finale*, every point in which was effectively brought out. The attention paid by a large majority of the audience was a gratifying sign, exemplifying what has already been said in a notice of the first concert of the season. The second part began with the great *Leonora* overture, which, if "classical" means anything as here applied, would alone have served as pretext for the nomenclature.

A still more interesting programme, for reasons easy to be understood, was that of the "English Night," on which occasion the entire first part was devoted to music by native composers. It began worthily with Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Die Waldnymphen*, written for and first performed at the concerts of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, an overture which Schumann (*Gesammelte Schriften*, 1839), always warm, even enthusiastic, in his praise of our gifted countryman, compares with the *Melusina* of Mendelssohn—why, unless it be that both begin and end in the key of F major, it is difficult to understand, for no two things could in their distinctive features be more unlike. Our orchestras know the *Wood Nymph* by rote, and always play it *con amore*, as they did on the present occasion. Another

overture, entitled *The Camp*, by Mr W. Austin, who has already made himself known in more than one composition of promise, was a novelty. It is spirited and effectively scored, somewhat diffuse here and there, but throughout in keeping with its theme. As in the case of Bennett's overture, Mr Cowen took the utmost pains to insure a good performance, and, thanks to the orchestra under his control, succeeded to a wish. Miss Bessie Richards may justly be complimented for her choice of the first movement of John Field's pianoforte concerto in A flat, her execution of the solo part in which was so good as to cause regret among the admirers of Field's music that the other two movements should have been omitted. John Field—"Russian Field," as he used to be called—was the favourite pupil of Clementi, who first took him to St Petersburg, where he passed many years of his life as a teacher. His "nottornos" are accepted by a large number of connoisseurs as the legitimate precursors of those by Chopin, but in his concertos he took Mozart as model for his leading themes and melodic phrases, Dussek and Hummel for his *bravura* passages. His music generally, however, deserves to be much more widely spread. The first part of this really interesting concert came to an end with the overture and incidental music composed by Mr. Cowen to illustrate Schiller's *Mail of Orleans*, composed nine years ago, and worthy of being made better known. The overture in F major, consisting of an introductory *andante* and a well developed *allegro*, is spirited and admirably written; somewhat too much, however, being made of a phrase in the first movement, subsequently employed as second theme in the last. The "Serenade" in B flat (an *entr'acte*) is melodious and charming throughout; the next movement, entitled "Storm Scherzo," in D minor and major, if less original than its precursors, is carried on from beginning to end with unflinching vigour. The march, in A major, is of the genuine sort, the themes markedly rhythmical, and the whole brilliantly instrumented for the orchestra. The general performance of these pieces was all that their composer could have reasonably expected, but they must be heard again to be fairly appreciated. There is more in them than appears immediately on the surface. The selection of vocal pieces was by no means on a par with the instrumental.

The audience on Saturday was the largest of the week. The programme, "miscellaneous," was excellent of its kind, and not the least applauded among the pieces were the violin solos of M. Musin, one by Leonard, the other by himself, both played, after his own manner, to perfection. A "selection" from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, in which some of the foremost instrumentalists took part, as usual gave general satisfaction, the overtures to *Mireille* and *Tannhäuser* being the leading orchestral performances. The singers were Mr Edward Lloyd and Misses Mary Davies and Orridge, who, though they brought forward nothing new, were applauded and encored according to custom, Mr Lloyd being especially successful in the beautiful air, "Wake from thy tomb," from Edward Loder's *The Night Dancers*. Mr Thoulless was the accompanist at the pianoforte, Mr J. M. Coward taking the harmonium part in Mr Cowen's new composition entitled "The Unfinished Song," rendered with true expression by our rising contralto, Miss Orridge.—*Times*.

The second "Classical" night was chiefly noticeable for a fine performance of Schumann's somewhat laboured but deeply thought out symphony in E flat (the so-called "Rhenish"), and a not less effective one of Beethoven's overture to the *Egmont* of Goethe. M. Musin, a violinist of more than ordinary capacity, played Mendelssohn's concerto with deserved applause, and the other orchestral piece in the opening part was the March from Joachim Raff's symphony, *Lenore*, which had little in common with the rest, and might have been spared. Why will Mr Cowen persist in calling a movement from one of Haydn's quartets "Serenade," when Haydn has given it no such title? This is surely not "classical." The singers were Mr Edward Lloyd, Misses Mary Davies and Orridge, who in airs by Gluck (wrongly spelt "Glück" in the programme), Weber, and Handel did themselves one and all infinite credit. The second part began well, with Auber's brilliant and characteristic overture to *Marco Spada*. On the first "Symphony Night" (Monday) the No. 3 ("Eroica") of Beethoven was given. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are to follow in weekly succession.

LEIPSIC.—The bronze medallion of Schumann on the Monument erected to him here was wrenched off and stolen during the night a short time since. It will be in the recollection, probably, of our readers that a similar act of Vandalism was perpetrated not long ago on the Mozart Monument, Vienna.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the Grand Opera, the revival of Rossini's *Comte Ory* is fixed for next month as is likewise the first performance of *La Korigane*, the new ballet by MM. Widor, Coppée, and Mérante. Speaking of this fresh offering on the shrine of Terpsichore, the *Voltaire* says:

"Hitherto it has been *extra muros* that preparations have been made for the new ballet. Lacoste, that marvellous designer of the Opera, has just returned from Brittany with a complete collection of costumes. Some date as far back as the reign of Henri IV. Lacoste went all over the departments of Morbihan and Finisterre in search of the picturesque, but it was at Sainte-Anne d'Auray that he discovered the most precious gems in his album. I have been allowed to look through the volume. The good people of Brittany are and were better dressed than ourselves. With their embroidered jackets, gaiters with buttons, and enormous belts, they are clad in the dress, at one and the same time, sensible and simple, of a strong race. There is not such a being as a fop among them all. In mounting the new piece, everything is subordinated to local colouring. Has not M. Vaucorbeil just had sent him an authentic *binou*, which lows under the fingers like a plaintive animal? One cannot well fancy the 'Polka du Colonel' played on such an instrument. A collection of Breton airs, therefore, accompanied it. They are all melancholy, with an indescribably penetrating and savage something or other about them. They resemble, as it were, the wailing of the wind on the sea shore. Never was there such a desperate battle for parts. Every member of the choregraphic world at the Opera wants to be in the cast. The poor author does not know which way to turn. Being of flesh and blood and not of cast iron, he will be worried to death. As I am already indiscreet, I will be a little more so, and say a few words about the scenes of the two acts. That of the first represents a village green and emanates from the pencil of M. Lavastre. That of the second, painted by MM. Rubé and Chapron, shows us an uncultivated moor, a real desert, with the mighty ocean as horizon. The effect is truly striking. To give everyone his due, we must state that M. Lacoste was guided in his researches by a distinguished scholar, M. Le Men, director of the Museum at Quimper. The eminent draughtsman found in this genuine Breton a colleague to whom, as he frankly owns, he is under deep obligation, an avowal which is exceedingly rare in such cases."

Meanwhile, *début* follows *début*. Mdlle Jenny Howe has succeeded Mme Krauss as Agathe in *Der Freischütz*, and, despite her terrible nervousness on the first night, got creditably through her task. M. Mierzwinski has again attempted Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, the part in which he made his appearance under the management of M. Halanzier. After singing it on that occasion he retired from public gaze until now. He has improved since then, but has still a very great deal to learn, vocally and dramatically. Mme Montalba was the Valentine. The indulgence of the audience was solicited in her behalf, as she was suffering from indisposition. But she bore up bravely, and was much applauded, especially in the grand scene of the fourth act. During one of the interludes M. Vaucorbeil, in the name of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, presented M. Garcin, solo violinist and third conductor, with the insignia of an "Officier d'Académie." M. Laurent has sung the title-part in *Faust*. The new tenor, Jourdain, is studying the same character, as well as Rhadames and Raoul. Mdlle Vere will impersonate the Queen in Meyerbeer's work. Mdlle Dufranc, a pupil of Obin's, will try her maiden voice as Rachel in *La Juive*. It has been decided that Melchisedec, and not M. Lassalle, shall sing Nelusko's music when *L'Africaine* is re-performed, and that Mme Montalba shall represent Selika. Mdlle Edith Ploux will choose Inès for her second *début*, though not till Mdlle Daram has sung the character twice. There has been a change in the cast as at first proposed of *Le Tribut de Zamora*, Mdlle Daram, MM. Lassalle and Sellier replacing Mdlle Heilbron, MM. Maurel and Mierzwinski. Mme Krauss is the only artist who figures in both lists. M. Giraudet, basso, from the Opéra-Comique, joins M. Vaucorbeil; M. Devrières just reverses the process, his place at the Opéra being filled by a young artist named Des Cilleuls.

At the Opéra-Comique, Mdlle Bilbaut Vauchet will sustain the part of the heroine in M. Guiraud's new opera, *Galante Aventure*, to be produced next winter after M. Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffman*.—In consequence of the heat, M. Leroy, the enterprising tenor-manager, opens the Opéra-Populaire at the Château d'Eau on three days only, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, a week. To mark their

appreciation of this gentleman's efforts to place good lyric music within reach of the working classes, the Municipal Council have, after some discussion, voted him a grant of 5000 francs. They have also come to a final decision with respect to the Théâtre de la Gaité, which is to be opened at reduced prices as a "municipal theatre," under the title of the Théâtre de Paris. This is a blow for those who hoped the building would be given up for the purposes of opera. Those who are of very sanguine temperament express their conviction that the Council will re-consider their decision and allow dramatic and operatic performances to alternate with each other, as was the case in times gone by at the Odéon.—M. Maury, second bandmaster of the Republican Guard, professor of the cornet-à-pistons at the Conservatory, and third cornet at the Opera, having been for some time unable to perform the duties of his various posts, is succeeded at the Opera by M. Mellet, and will probably resign his professorship at the Conservatory.

Paris, Aug. 12.

ROUND ABOUT THE RHINE.

(From our natural Correspondent.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The new magnificent Stadt theatre is now so far finished that it will probably be opened on the 24th October next. The real cost of the building is 700000 of Marks it is to be one of the finest and noblest of all modern theatres. The subscriptions are the same as hitherto for two days in the week, and an Extra Sunday (Abonnement). The opening opera is to be Don Juan.

WIESBADEN.—It is feared that Herr Kapellmeister Jahn will not survive his illness at Carlsbad he is suffering from a fatal disease of the lungs.

CREUZNACH.—Herr Oberthur a great favorite in this place both as a composer and harpist gave a Concert at the Kursaal on the 2nd Inst, before a numerous and enlightened audience, and played his own Concerto for Harp with Kurorchester to general admiration, Mdlle Natalie Carola sang in the Intervals some german classical songs. Herr Oberthur from here visits, Schwabach, Homburg, Kissengen, and Baden Baden.

WIESBADEN.—The great german tenor Herr Albert Nieman had an accident in bathing in the Rhine, falling down a few steps nearly broke his knee, he is however out of danger. The autumn Opera season has commenced on the 8th with *The Merry Wives*.

COLOGNE.—The great Festival of the Sängerefest, will according to all preparations be on a large scale, the Vereine, of all the Rhine societies commencing at Mannheim Mayence and all the lower cities will be represented. Wurzburg, Regensburg, Innsbruck, etc. all send their prime singer. All the M.S. Glee and choruses will be conducted by the young composers. The town will be overflowing as a large number of visitors are expected. Dr Ferdinand von Hiller will have his share in the honours of the day.

* A new work by Archeduc Louis Salvatore of Austria entitled *Leucosia* the capital of Cypria will be published in London translated into English language by the Consul general of Austria Herr Krupf von Liverhoff. L.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR GALLANT 66TH.*

Yes, we were beaten, so they said;
True, hundreds of our band lay dead,
And some of us were flying
From where the horsemen o'er us
swept—
Ah! how their sabres dived and
leapt
Among our wounded dying!
Well, it may be we lost the day,
And yet, we bore us in that fray,
So that in History's story,
If the Foe fairly count his slain,
It will be own'd 'twas not in vain
Ours fell for England's glory!

* Copyright.

Thro' weary hours 'twas hand to
hand,
Until their thousands wrapp'd our
band,
A star neath clouds of thunder!
A knight will face a score, but when
His Foe is hydra-headed, then
He must fall, numbers under!
'Twas so with us, and, glory bent,
Above our columns thinn'd and rent,
With breath of tearful sighing,
So gently place her chaplets fair
Upon each pale brow resting there,
Of all our Dead and Dying!!

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

GEORGES BIZET.*

(Continued from page 503.)

II.

A faithful friend and a devoted comrade, knowing neither envy nor petty jealousy, Georges Bizet, whose generous heart was never found wanting, felt delighted at the success of his fellow competitors of the day before and his rivals of the morrow. His elevated mind and delicate sentiments impelled him to encourage those less fortunate than himself, to console those whom Fortune had betrayed, and it was in perfect sincerity that he applauded the triumphs of his competitors. I have under my eyes several letters, dated from Rome, in which the young inmate of the Villa Medici speaks with frank enthusiasm of his comrades and fellow-students, Guiraud, Th. Dubois, Paladilhe, pupila, as he was, of our masters, Halévy and Thomas, and also of myself. These unreserved communications, penned without premeditation, with thorough open-heartedness and freedom from artistic or literary affectation, are, as it were, the reflex of his temperament, so vigorous and marked by such individuality. Side by side with sincere criticism, free from prejudice or disparagement, I find examples of warm enthusiasm and outbursts full of frankness. A few extracts will enable the reader to judge:—

"30th January, 1858.

"I reached Rome safely the day before yesterday and hasten to send you a little visiting card. I did not forget to think of you on the 17th; though far away, I drank your health and shared with all my heart in your family rejoicings. . . . I was highly delighted when informed of the great success of *Le Médecin Malgré lui*. Have you heard it? I fear your health has not allowed you to do so. As for myself, I have had a splendid journey; I have seen Lyons, Vienna, Valencia, Orange, Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Florence, Perugia, Terni, &c. As you perceive, I have lost no time. I will soon forward you particulars of the life we lead at the Academy of France in Rome. . . ."

"11th January, 1859.

" . . . Though I am actually absent, my heart will be all with you. I wish you, my dear master, as much success this year as last. . . . This, I think, is about the most affectionate thing which can be wished for you and consequently for myself. With you, a pupil learns more than the piano; he becomes a musician. The further I get, the more plainly do I perceive the large part which belongs to you of the little I know. Your manner of teaching suggests to me a very great deal, which I will develop at length on my return. Just as you make students who are not first-rate play Haydn's earlier Sonatas, might we not employ for solfing the easy works of the great masters instead of the A, B, C of M. X. . . . whom I like very much—and whom I should be deeply grieved to see at the Institute. I am at this moment giving a short course of musical instruction to a painter and a sculptor in the Academy. I make them solfa fragments from *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze*, &c. I can assure you they do not complain. Had I the courage to undertake anything educational, I would try and turn this idea to some account; but I am not strong enough and I am too egotistical. This is not a piece of pleasantry or a paradox; I confess it with shame. I have not much to tell you concerning myself. I indulge in long and delicious draughts of the delights of Rome, which at present are superior to those of Capua. What a life! And to think that in two years it will be ended! This grieves me; but I shall come back here, that I swear; perhaps we will come back together. . . . I am working very hard now. I am finishing a buffo Italian opera, with which I am not too dissatisfied, and I hope the Academy will think my style exhibits progress. With Italian words, one must do the Italian; I have not attempted to escape this influence. I have made every effort to be intelligible and distinguished; let us hope I have succeeded. I shall send for the second year an opera of Victor Hugo's, *Emeralda*, and for the third a Symphony. I do not avoid difficulties; I want to test my strength while the public are not concerned in the matter. I will not disguise from you the fact that I expect to be exposed to a great many annoyances on returning to Paris. The 'Prix de Rome' are not spoilt, but I have a little will of my own which will overcome a great many obstacles, and it is on that I rely. *Faust* will soon be given. Tell me what you think and *ce qui est*. It will be a masterpiece, that is certain. Will it be a success? . . ."

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

"3rd August, 1859.

"It is an infinitely long time since I had a talk with you. I should be very angry with myself were this the result of forgetfulness or indifference; it is only idleness at the worst. To begin with, I worked very hard to finish what I had to send, *Don Procopio*, a two-act buffo opera. Then I have been travelling and had a splendid trip in the mountains. What a country, my dear master, and what travelling companions. At Astura, Cicero; at Cape Circe, Homer and his Ulysses; at Terracina, Fra Diavolo. . . . This is thoroughly Scriblish, and when I think that from Homer to M. Scribe there are only three leagues, I feel amused. I start to-morrow for Naples, and I shall go and spend a few hours with Tiberius and Nero. This is a step in the wrong direction, you will remark, but Virgil and Horace will console me for the tyrants. I am busy on the work I have to send. It is a grand Symphony on Camoens' *Lusiade*. I have just despatched my scene-plot to a friend. If he can put it into verse, I shall feel encouraged in my design. But let me speak a little about you. . . . I must congratulate you on your success at the Institute, for I know better than anyone else how largely you contribute to the education of those who are lucky enough to pass through your hands. I am delighted at Guiraud's getting the prize; he is a real musician; I hope he will console me a little for the small sympathy existing between poor X. . . . and myself. I am really not very fortunate with my musical comrades. Dubois, also, has had a good year, for he carried off the organ-prize, did not he? Paladilhe must be enchanted. . . . Jules Cohen likewise has achieved a fine success at the Théâtre Français. . . ."

"17th January, 1860.

" . . . It is with regret that I see the end of my stay in Italy approaching, shall I have made during the three years sufficient progress to take the place I wish to occupy in musical art? That is something which I dare not yet hope. . . . I wanted a long time ago to write a symphony on Camoens' *Lusiade*; I made a plan of the work and then I had to find a poet. I put my hand on a certain D. . . ., a Frenchman, very learned but destitute of taste. I am obliged to re-write a portion of his poetry, which is not an amusing process, especially as I perceive with terror that my lines are infinitely superior to his. . . . I am expecting Guiraud from day to day. I shall experience all the more pleasure in seeing him, because I have not spoken to an intelligent musician for two years. My colleague X. . . . is pretentious and wearying. . . . Our musical conversations always end by irritating me. He talks to me about Donizetti and Fesca, and I answer Mozart, Mendelssohn, Gounod. . . ."

"26th July, 1860.

"So then I am at length about to leave Rome. When shall I see it again? It is the true home of artists. . . . The class is distinguishing itself and among your boys are some of the right stuff for 'Prix de Rome,' such as Fissot, Diemer, Lavignac, etc. I was sorry to hear of poor Gorla's death. . . . What is there new in musical Paris? There are no master-pieces, are there? Revivals, and what revivals? Ridiculous old vaudevilles adapted to music still more ridiculous. I have a horror of the little 'musicket' of Monsigny, Philidor, Nicolo, and Co.; to the deuce with all the people, who saw in our sublime art merely an innocent amusement for the ear. Stupidity will always find numerous worshippers; I do not complain, however, and I assure you I should experience great pleasure at being appreciated by none save persons of pure intelligence. I do not care much for the popularity to which men now-a-days sacrifice honour, genius and fortune. . . ."

(To be continued.)

THE MARGUERITE.*

Thou hast no worth, thou shinest not,	They're not the brilliant-tinted flowers,
Dear treasure of my heart;	That tremble as I sigh;
Thou'rt but a rosiest, humble flower.	That moan with me that weep with me,
From which I'm loath to part;	That droop their heads and die!
And of a colour pale and sweet,	But thy sisters, little daisy sweet,
My pretty, fragile Marguerite.	Who knew and loved my Marguerite.

Thou tell'st me of a fatal love,
A life that lived for me,
Thou speakest of a spotless soul,
As pure, as chaste as thee,
Go, rest thee on her bosom sweet,
There would I lie, oh Marguerite,

* Copyright.

JOANNA ENRIQUEZ.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TURPIN.—"Springe." Yes—"springe." Take three letters out of the word, let the last be the first, the first the middle, the second the last, and it suits you in two manners. Either it will represent a blood-poisoner or a neck-tightener—"a noose," says Samuel Johnson, author of *Rasselas*—"to catch by a jerk." Either will do for slanderers. "Turpin" should disguise his hand-writing more cunningly. How often must we repeat that underhand insinuations and attacks on private character have never found and never will find a place in the *Musical World*. Let "Turpin" look at home before venturing on further turpi (n) tudes.

To SCRUTATOR.—On the contrary; the announcement distributed among the audience was literally as subjoined:—

"OPERA COMIQUE."

"NOTICE.—In consequence of Miss Everard's sudden indisposition, the part of "Ruth" has been undertaken at twenty-four hours' notice by Miss Emily Cross, for whom the indulgence of the audience to-night is requested. "R. D'O'LY CARTE."

This was on the occasion of the first performance of the incomparable *Pirates of Penzance*.

DEATH.

On the 5th Aug., at his residence, Shanklin Villa, Sutton, Surrey, in his 37th year, Mr EBENEZER SHARP, Organist and Choirmaster of Benhillton Church, Sutton, Surrey, formerly of Sandstone Road, Stoneycroft, near Liverpool. Friends please accept this (the only) intimation.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

TO A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

I wish I were at Cookham,
I do! I do!
I'd play at chess and rook'em,
With you! With you!
When you discourse of slaughter,
'Tis true! 'Tis true!
You are a soldier's daughter,
True blue! True blue!

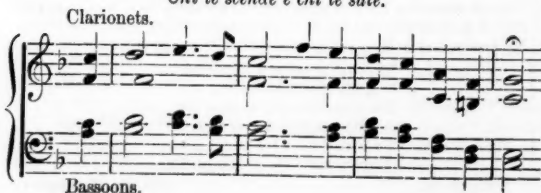
[And I must promptly own,
You're English to the bone!]

When we have got such wo-men
As you! As you!
We may say to all our foe-men,
Pooh-pooh! Pooh-pooh!

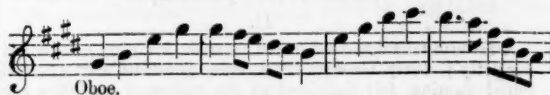
LAVENDER PITT.

TO F. H. COWEN, ESQ.

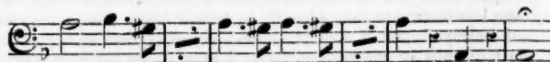
*Il mondo è fatto a scale
Chi le scende e chi le sale.*



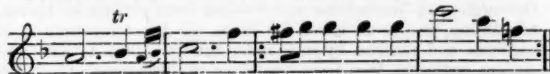
F. H. C., I esteem thee highly—nay, love thee—not only for the above "Inquiry motive," but for this satisfactory reply:—



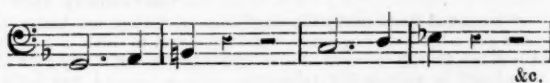
I also admire this cunning feint:—



It is like asking thy friends to dinner, and shifting thine abode before dinner time. They arrive eagerly at D Street, to which thy friendly summons has invited them, and on arriving, with eager appetites, are directed to F Street, a long way off:—

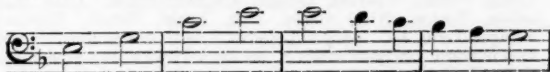


The air is brisk, the company pleasant, and none the less so because Franz Schubert is one of the guests:—

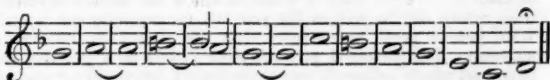


Schubert! Hoch!

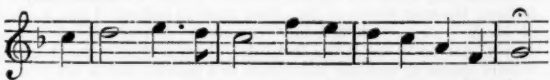
All went off jovially until the unexpected arrival of an old friend in a new dress (his features doubled):—



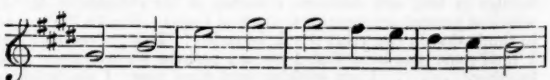
who would have been welcomed, violoncello in hand, with loud cries, had he not been introduced by thy Leipsic henchman, thus:—



—as though we had forgotten (or could ever forget) our first acquaintance:—



Why thus stretch out his normal proportions, so as to make him appear four times as long as his actual self? Who would recognize him, except practised chirurgeons or physicians versed in swellings? The remainder of the evening was unalloyed content, although your familiar friend—



was a little too garrulous and gave his old story over and over with faintly varied inflections.—Yours gratefully,

GROKER ROORES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS MUSIC EXAMINATION.—The first prize for Theory of Music, open to all England, is taken this year by a Tonic Sol-faist, Mr James Paul, of Aberdeen. The examination is conducted strictly in the Staff Notation, Dr. Hullah being the examiner.

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS has gone to Germany for a holiday. She is engaged to play in some concerts at Aix-les-Bains, where Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson are just now the reigning queens.—*Graphic*.

PROTEST FROM AN AFFLUENT BUILDER.



"AN AFFLUENT BUILDER" has addressed a very long and involved epistle to the Editor of this journal, complaining (in the name of affluent builders generally) of a leading article which appeared last Saturday in the leading columns of a leading contemporary. We subjoin so much of this letter as our limited (though all-embracing) space will admit.

"Sir,—Will you allow me to protest again the argumentatives put out in an article published the day before yesterday in a mourning paper? I shall"——

No, you shan't. We allow the protest, but have no room for the argument. Our correspondent maintains a paradox, and tacks on to it an argument by which he wants to show that this is different from this (we need hardly say what), failing altogether to establish his point.

We cannot understand the distinction; nor does "An Affluent Builder" succeed in making his meaning clear. Affluent builders may be rare, but conscientious builders may be (we do not say *are*) rarer. "An Affluent Builder" who writes to us will retort perhaps that had he not been conscientious he could never have been affluent, seeing that "he walked up from Dungeness to London with a couple of bricks of his own making, a seven shilling piece, and three wisps of straw in either breeches' pocket, wooden shoes, a waistcoat made out of a dead (?) goat's nether parts, and a pot of marmalade." Granting all this, the necessary issue is not obvious. "An Affluent Builder" at any rate has not mastered etymology, much less etiology. Whence does he derive the word "multicelled," and how does he explain that the reason of his coming in 1803 was the reason of his going in 1801—which conveys that he returned to Dungeness before he arrived in London. "An Affluent Builder" has found a mare's nest; but though, for aught we know, he may have put up all the houses in the suburbs of Dungeness, he is so innocent of orthography and grammar that in less than five years whole rows may be brick-dust, and the inhabitants irretrievably buried under the ruins of their own domiciles. Were Father Egg at home he, with "a peculiar smile," and in his own unapproachable way, might approach this subject with the "anxious polyscopy" of late bestowed from the topmost heights of snow-clad Cowes, upon the tiny yachts with notables on deck, striving for supremacy in the far distant waters of the always angry Solent! Let him then reply to "An Affluent Builder," and greatly oblige
Otto Scarb.

CONDUCTORS INTERNATIONAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Mr Theodore Thomas, the superb American conductor, has re-crossed the Atlantic, in refreshing gales, disenchanted with all, or rather not enchanted with anything, he saw and heard in Europe—more especially in London at the Handel Festival. Sir Michael Costa, nevertheless, with the courtesy proper to high birth (*noblesse oblige*), would willingly have disembarked himself, and allowed the superb American to "preside" in the orchestra on the *Israel in Egypt* day—to dodge the frogs and brush off the flies, to swim in the river from which the Egyptians loathed to drink, to swallow the hailstones and extinguish the fire that ran along the ground, to grope in the darkness that might be felt, to smite all the first-born of the fiddles, to be led through the deep with silver and gold, and just as the waters were about to overwhelm him, to put foot upon the neck (nick?) of time, and land safely in Brooklyn harbour, with undrenched bays and a smile of triumphant exultation, dispensing the people from hearing or being afraid, as (if brute may be trusted) occasionally happens during a performance of *Ereos* in the U. S. Thus should it have been. Our Trans A. friends are happy in their legitimately engendered self-esteem. They at least assert that a native born American can be a first-rate orchestral conductor, and that they have got one whose merit is not vainly to be questioned. That same conductor is Theodore Thomas, who, though shorter than George Bristow away from the orchestra, is, on that platform, taller by a yard. Alas! we have no such conductor in the British

Isles—not one, at all events, in whom our public believe, or account of such weight and stature as, stick in hand, to induce members of the orchestra to hear and be afraid. The only conductor among us during the last half century before whom these talented gentlemen have stood in awe is Sir Michael Costa, who, though a naturalised Englishman, is a born Neapolitan. Every other conductor has been treated by a large majority with more or less indifference, as though it was the business of the orchestra to control the conductor and not the business of the conductor to control the orchestra. Exceptions may be cited in the cases of some eminent foreigners, unnecessary to signalise by name; but these have been few and far between. Among Englishmen, it is true, Balfe and Alfred Mellon, both, unhappily, lost to us, might be singled out, the former as an operatic conductor without a superior in Europe, the latter as a conductor in general with very few rivals. But what has their example left behind? With such an Englishman among us as Weist Hill, who, though he gave orchestral performances at the Viard-Louis Concerts equal in every respect to those directed by Hans Richter, when, recently, the post of conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts was vacated by an illustrious foreigner (Sir Julius Benedict), it was offered to and accepted by Herr Max Bruch, a composer of acknowledged ability, but yet having to make evident his claims as a director. If the Liverpool committee were resolved (as it would appear) upon engaging a foreigner *quand même*, why not have solicited Herr August Manns, who by consummate ability and untiring zeal has brought the orchestral performances at the Crystal Palace to a pitch of excellence which all Europe can be challenged to surpass. It may be answered that Glasgow has seized hold of Manns and will not let him loose; but Liverpool is nearer Sydenham by two hundred miles than Glasgow, and Herr Manns, home-sick as he must occasionally feel, might have been tempted to break his bonds asunder and (stilly-nilly) find himself on the banks of the Mersey. Put this as impracticable, however, and admitting a foreign conductor to be indispensable, was there not one in Manchester close by, worth half-a-dozen Max Bruchs? Was there not Charles Hallé, who, by his performances of the *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz (which should be re-baptised *Damnation de Liszt-Faust*), surprised and delighted Hans Richter himself, proving to London "swells" that there was a conductor in Manchester who could say "All right!" to any contemporary—and this with an orchestra chiefly organized and trained by his own experience, musical knowledge, and industry?

By the way, I heard the "No. 7" of Beethoven (A), the "No. 9" of Schubert (C), the "Italian" of Mendelssohn (A) under Richter, at St James's Hall. I have also heard them at the Crystal Palace under Manns. *Pulmam qui meruit ferat*. I give the palm to Manns.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham.

More Wagnerian Dust.

Dr Hans von Bülow is again busy at work throwing dust in the eyes of candid and unsuspecting people, as may be gathered out of the subjoined communication, addressed by some München, moon-struck Midas to the [always wide open-mouthed *Schwabischer Mercur* :—

"Very many who came to Munich to attend the Model Performances have remarked that the enthusiasm for Wagner's music is decidedly on the wane. In musical circles it is reported that, speaking of the Bayreuth Oracle himself, Dr Hans von Bülow is reported to have said that Wagner, apparently disinclined to continue in the path he had lately pursued, would return to that laid down in *Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Lohengrin*."

Commenting on the above, the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung* has the following remarks :—

"Von Bülow is a clever man—very—but occasionally meets with listeners to whom the same epithet by no means applies. It is, therefore, more than probable that the Musical Intendant of the Meiningen Court meant something differing materially from what has been surmised. The conversation ran most likely on *Percival-Parvifal-Perceforest*, which is nearing its completion. Now, if, as we may assume, Wagner in his new 'art-work' approaches somewhat to the style of *Lohengrin*, that style being most congenial to its character, just as he created a separate style of language and

tone for the *Nibelungen*, this going back signifies a result—not a recantation. All subjects will not bear the same treatment. The difference between *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger* is as great as that between the *Meistersinger* and the *Tetralogy*; the style of the *Meistersinger* applied to the *Nibelungen* would, according to Wagnerian principles, be as monstrous as the style of *Tannhäuser* applied to *Tristan*, &c. This, no doubt, was the purport of what Bülow really did say."

"Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!"—as if it mattered a straw what he said, or (if he meant anything) what he meant. Had the eyes of the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung* been as wide-open as the mouth of the *Schwabischer Mercur* (a wingless Hermes) it would not have given up its space to such vapid commonplace. One would imagine from the fuss that is made and the dust that is raised that every new work by Wagner was equivalent (more or less) to the creation of a new universe. Querc.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the 27th June a violent storm decapitated the Wagner Theatre in Bayreuth. At present, the building is roofless. On the 26th July *Tannhäuser* was performed at the Theatre Royal, Munich, for the hundredth time. (Who was the aggressor? "All Father" Wotan or Alberich, the Niblung?—DR BLIDGE.)

EXETER HALL being closed for alterations, &c., the Sacred Harmonic Society will hold its next Season's Concerts at St James's Hall, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. It is intended to re-model the Orchestra and Chorus, with a view to provide an ensemble possessing the highest qualifications and the greatest musical ability. The performance of several works which have either been laid aside for many years or not previously performed by the Society is also contemplated. The Society will, therefore, in opening its Forty-ninth Season, enter upon a new career of usefulness, which, to judge by its past history, no efforts will be spared to promote. For this the name of Sir Michael Costa, who has directed the concerts since 1848, is a sufficient guarantee.

In the preface to a little Book of Martin Luther's, we read the following words from the pen of the great reformer:—

"I do not think that through the Scriptures all the fine arts should be condemned, as many would-be theologians do. I want to see the arts, especially that of music, in the service of Him who has given and created it. . . . Children must learn to sing, and teachers must be able to teach singing. Music stands nearest to divinity. I would not give the little I know for all the treasures of the world! It is my shield in combat and adversity; my friend and companion in moments of joy; my comforter and refuge in the hour of despondency and solitude." (*Bravissimo*, old Martin! Your name should be Luthier.—DR BLIDGE.)

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Miss Litton's company have been performing here during the week, *The School for Scandal* being the piece selected. Miss Litton plays Lady Teazle, Mr W. Farreu Sir Peter, Mr Bellew, Charles Surface, and Mr Edgar, Joseph. Mr Gerard Coventry, as Careless, also sang "Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen" (generally given to Sir Harry—who, however, was "non est" on the occasion).—Mr Coventry was called upon to repeat the song. His acting, as Careless, brought him forward in a new and favourable light.

ST MATTHIAS, WEST BROMPTON.—The excellent choir engaged for some time by the Bishop of Bedford, at St Andrew's Undershaft, Leadenhall Street, made its first appearance at St Matthias on Sunday last, under Mr Faulkner Leigh's management. The wholesale transfer of a choir is a novelty in the administration of church music. The ex-St Andrew's choir was instituted some four years ago by Mr Faulkner Leigh, who, fulfilling an engagement entered into with the church choir committee, brought all the principal singers composing it to St Matthias. A vast deal of credit is due to Mr Leigh for the manner in which he has succeeded, under many difficulties, in keeping them together, and in such disciplined order. The following were the services for the day in question:—Sullivan's *Te Deum* in D; Gounod's Service in G (Communion); Sterndale Bennett's "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria* (Anthem); in the evening the Service was Garrett in F, the anthem being "In splendour bright," from Haydn's *Creation*. All went off well.—*From an Occasional Contributor*.

Random Rhymes.

(From our Bayreuth Madman.)

O! — give me not that mouse
Which gets into the house
O! — give me not that rat
Which gets into the vat
[Give me not that rat
But give it to the cat]

O! — give me not that fly
Which gets into the eye
O! — give me not that steepie
Which gratifies all people
[Give me not that steepie
But give it to the people]

O! — give me not the wren
That's neither cock nor hen
O! — give me not the bustard
Which swallows all the mustard
[Give me not that bustard
Or I shall think it cuss'd hard]

O! — give me not that hog
Which grants at every dog
O! — give me not that dog
Which barks at every hog
[Rather give me the sow
Which spumes at every cow
Or better still the cow
Which spumes at every sow]

O! — give me not * * *

[Here the verses unexpectedly break off. Our columns are open to any congenial poet inclined to carry out the idea which evidently inspired them.—O. B.]

Melikoff.

The Hope of Russia.

We published a short time ago a paragraph referring to heavy losses at cards in the Yacht Club at St Petersburg. The Berlin and Vienna papers give various reports of the occurrence. According to them, the losses during a few days amounted to fifteen millions of francs. The stakes played for were never less than 1,000 roubles (£150). The loser of eight millions was Prince Demidoff, whose sale of the collections at San Donato drew lately together so many art connoisseurs from all parts of the world. The winner was Colonel Count Schouvaloff, a connection of the late Russian Ambassador in England. The sensational reports of the high play at the club attracted the attention of Count Loris Melikoff, Governor of St Petersburg, who referred the matter to the Czar, proposing to close the club. But some of the Imperial family intervened, and the Czar contented himself with summoning the winner before him, and, having inquired into the whole matter, bade him be satisfied with one million francs (£40,000) and give the loser a formal discharge for the rest. Thus the affair ended.—*Parisian*.

Herr Schubert is taking a brief holiday at Ramsgate with his family after an exceptionally heavy term. He "arranged, conducted, and played at 79 concerts since the commencement of the present season." Next week he leaves for a tour to Aix-les-Bains, Trouville, &c. Mdlle Gastaldi will be his leading singer, and Camillo Sivori, the celebrated violinist, will probably join his party.

Among the artists engaged by Max Strakosch and Hess for their English opera season, beginning in November, at New York, are Mmes Rose Hersee, Stella Bonheur, Marie Roze, MM. Byron, Perugini, Carleton, and Braga.

BUILDERS versus NIGHTINGALES.

Everybody who loves music being interested in Adelina Patti, we need offer no apology for commenting upon the action brought against her for a long account of builders' extras. The suit was heard at Swansea Assizes, before Lord Justice Thesiger. In 1878, Mdme Patti became possessor of a small but venerable castle called Craignyns, in the county of Brecon. Old castles have inconveniences. They may not, like Otranto, be haunted with colossal spectres, or, like Udolfo, contain every variety of hidden horror, with a supply of passages and trap-doors to meet the requirements of transpontine pantomime. There are Irish castles that still claim a banshee, which banshee is warranted to attach himself to the fortunes of the incoming purchaser. If you buy the castle you buy the banshee, who, like other local Irish celebrities, steadily refuses to be evicted. Craignyns suffered from none of these things, but, like other old castles, seems to have invited renovation, Mdme Patti accordingly made a contract with Rees, of Neath, to add a couple of wings and stables, for the consideration of £4,250. The contract went on to appoint Peck as Mdme Patti's agent, and no extras were to be undertaken without that Peck's written order. When the work was completed, and the bill sent in, the extras swamped the contract, the total charge amounting to some £14,000. Defendant, although she paid something over £8,000 into Court, refused to pay more, raising pleas, any one of which, if established, would be sufficient justification. A bill of £14,000 is one which a jury cannot investigate, especially when the Assizes last only for a few days. It is difficult to see why the parties should have been subjected to the expense of appearing in Court, with counsel, solicitors, and witnesses. The case could not possibly be tried, and an order at chambers to send it to a reference would have cost only a few guineas. Mr Justice Thesiger, allowing the plaintiff's counsel to state his case, would not permit him to call witnesses, suggesting a reference, and the whole matter now goes into that legal process of torture known as arbitration.

We have no wish to discuss the case, the facts not having been made public. But it must be admitted that if a respectable builder contracts to do work for an employer in the position of Mdme Patti, he makes his tender less with a view to economy than on the ground that the work will have to be well done and liberally paid for. When a jobber of small tenements asks a speculative builder for a row of suburban villas, each side knows what the other wants. The villas are not expected to last above so many years, during which they will probably have paid their price over and over in rent; while, if the tenants are upon repairing leases, there will be extra profit accruing from charges for "dilapidations." Thus we are blessed with the suburban villa, which at the end of its fifth year begins to be uninhabitable. A builder of position, however, working for a wealthy client, knows that the work must be done in a certain style, and it is seldom that "extras" to any extent are necessary. It will be urged that ladies are capricious in their tastes; apt to take strange fancies; to order a bow window one day, like Mr Micawber, and the next to abandon it for a balcony and verandah. But even assuming Mdme Patti's whims have been more than usually extravagant—of which there is no more evidence than that she herself ordered any extras—it is difficult to see how, upon an original account of £4,250, they could reasonably amount to £9,750. If the builder had to decorate, paint, gild, and furnish the apartments, and Mdme Patti, indulging in the æsthetic mania, called in the aid of expert *cognoscenti*, what with her two wings, her stables, &c., the claim might have run up to any amount. It does not appear, however, that anything of the sort was contemplated. Mr Rees, as a Welsh builder in ordinary, would be employed to do work of a solid kind, no doubt, but with nothing *extra-ordinary* about it. Peck, on behalf of Mdme Patti, having watched over and controlled the proceedings, the account remains a puzzle, the solution of which will never be known except to the referees.

Few reach that period when a man takes a house, in which to settle for the remainder of his days, without attention being unpleasantly called to "builders' extras." Next to Bills of Exchange, these are the most fertile causes of litigation, and for a young barrister of good reputation as a "builder's lawyer," skilled in the mysteries of Laxton, &c., there is a sure fortune in store. To say what are "extras," or what are not, or what amounts to a proper order for "extras," is hard. Specifications are often imperfectly drawn, and the client, in listening to any suggestions the builder may offer while the work progresses, is probably not aware that he renders himself liable for "extras" supplied at his own request. There are builders (we do not for a moment class Mr Rees among them—if he were, indeed, Mdme Patti would hardly have employed him) who make it their business not only to suggest "extras," but to introduce others according to their own fancy. Before sending in their claim, they compare it with the specification, and charge as "extra" everything the specification does not contain.

Attempts at extortion of this kind are the commonest of jury cases in Westminster Hall. But with builders of a higher class, employed by clients of good position, there is an easy way of dealing. This specification should be carefully drawn out, and contain a clause to the effect that no "extra" shall be undertaken except by written order from the client, who should be careful when giving such order to make the builder, on his part, furnish a supplemental estimate. All this, no doubt, is troublesome to indolent people; but a little trouble in advance is better than litigation afterwards. By the course we suggest, something like absolute protection may be insured. If a proposal of this kind be made to a small dealer, he will probably decline the job, with the remark that he has been hitherto in the habit of working for gentlemen; but no builder of consideration would object to such terms. As in most callings, so in the building trade; the inferior members are the least scrupulous. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that we can get work done cheaper by such men. With builders of the first class, the extras seldom amount to more, at the outside, than ten per cent., and of these the majority will have been expressly ordered by the client, who, if that proportion be exceeded, should look to it.

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Music has played a conspicuous part in the Quinquagintenary of Belgian Independence. Among other attractions there was a grand three days' festival organized by the Musical Society of this city and dedicated exclusively to native composers. The programme on the first day comprised a "Domine, salvum," by Lassen; the Symphony in E minor by Fétis; the finale of Hanssens's opera, *Le Siege de Calais*; the overture to Stadtfeld's *Hamlet*; and a grand lyric three-part composition, *Patris*, by Th. Radoux. The orchestra was under the direction of M. J. Dupont, while the chorus was commanded by M. Warnots. The second day was entirely taken up by M. Pierre Benoit's grand cantata: *De Oorlog (War)*, conducted by the composer and much applauded. The principal feature in the third day's programme was Gevaert's cantata, *Van Artevelde*. This was followed by the finale to Soubre's opera, *Isoline*, and Lassen's "Fest-Ouverture." The old Belgian School was represented by a Motet from the pen of Josquin des Prés and a Madrigal by Roland de Lassus. M. Auguste Dupont played a Pianoforte Concerto in F of his own composition, and M. Colyns a Concerto in A by Vieuxtemps. The vocalists were Mdme Artôt-Padilla and M. Warot, who sang various airs by Handel, Gluck, and Mertens. By-the-bye, how did the airs of the first two composers find their way into a programme announced as exclusively Belgian?—Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet concluded a very successful engagement at the Monnaie by appearing in *La Flûte enchantée*. MM. Stoumon and Calabresi, the managers of this theatre, have lost the action brought against them for playing *Aida* without being authorized. They are condemned to pay Verdi 3,000 francs and the author of the book 100. The court laid it down that: "absolute rights having, by the International treaty concluded between Belgium and Portugal, been granted to Portuguese authors in what relates to the performance of their works in Belgian theatres, the same advantage ought to be accorded to French authors." A just verdict doubtless, but one which strikes an impartial observer as somewhat wanting in the logic usually governing legal decisions. An international treaty with regard to dramatic and musical works is passed between Belgium and Portugal, therefore the rights of French authors and composers must be respected as well as those of Verdi, who is not a Frenchman.—Lecocq's *Girofle-Girofla*, with Mdme Theo in the cast and scenery from the Paris Renaissance, has been drawing good houses, despite the heat, at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint-Hubert.

NONSENSICAL RHYME.

A certain young woman, named Hannah,
Slipp'd down on a piece of banana;
She shriek'd and "Oh my'd!"
And more stars she spy'd
Than belong to the star-spangled banner.
A gentleman sprang to assist her,
And pick'd up her muff and her wristler.
"Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried;
"Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, Mister!"

Kunkel's Musical Review.

[A worse "nonsensical rhyme" was never composed.—DA BLIDGE.]

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

Mr C. Villiers Stanford has written a letter to the organists of our cathedrals, in which he suggests that one way of supplying the want of local orchestras would be to teach choristers to play some orchestral instrument. That there are many very good local orchestras in existence there is no doubt; that there is room for very many more, and that the establishment of one in every town would result in a great increase in the number of concerts at which instrumental works would be performed, is equally clear. If cathedral organists will act upon Mr Villiers Stanford's suggestion, they will be rendering material assistance to this neglected branch of music; but there is, of course, no reason why the timely hint thus given by Mr Stanford should be acted on only by them. Local professors and organists can, if they will, do a great deal of useful work in this direction. We know a town of twenty thousand inhabitants in which an enthusiastic organist and teacher founded a choral society with a band of forty and a chorus of over two hundred, and which society, besides performing the oratorios and other vocal works, gave instrumental concerts, which, both as to quantity and quality, may well serve as models to others desirous of walking in the same path. Here is congenial work for the local professor of music. Let him call together his fiddling friends and form a quartet for practice at his own house; this alone has been known to become the nucleus of a thriving orchestra. Let him then look out for "wind"—the wood will be his difficulty, the "brass" abounding wherever there is a local brass band; though, even here, trumpets and horns are not always plentiful. If trumpets cannot really be got, he must not despise good cornet-players as a last resource: the horns will have to be taken by other instruments too, if these are not available. We do not, of course, advocate ruthless slaughtering of the masters' scores; but it is clearly better that the trumpet-part should be taken by a cornet, or the clarinet-part by some other instrument, than that people should for ever remain in ignorance of those scores altogether. A little judicious skill on the part of the conductor, coupled with good will and good sense on the part of his band, will obviate many difficulties. There are few professors, we trust, who have not some knowledge of the instruments in an ordinary orchestra; and, as the will usually finds the way sooner or later, local orchestras could soon be formed, and good works performed in many places where they have been hitherto unknown. Let us hope Mr Villiers Stanford's letter may lead our cathedral organists to action in this matter; and we, at the same time, urge upon professors everywhere the importance of doing what they can, however little it may be, to bring together the available talent in their neighbourhood. Great events, we are told, often spring from little causes, and an efficient orchestra may grow out of the well-directed efforts of every musician who tries to found one.

SONG FOR MUSIC.*

Nigh twoscore years have pass'd away Since we, my love, were wed; Time doth, with gentle fingers, lay White blossoms on each head: Then sing to me of days when sprang For us Love's fragrant flower— When mellow chimes of gladness rang, O sing of youth's sweet hour!	I love to take thy hand in mine, To gaze into thine eyes; To feel, though years and strength decline, Heart still to heart replies: [raise Though weak thy voice, it still can Songs of Love's tender power; Lead back, my love, to bygone days, O sing of youth's sweet hour!
--	--

Life's morn has set. The twilight hour
Comes on, yet tried and true,
Our faithful love has still the power
The springtide to renew:
Forget, my love, that on our brows
Age doth his tokens shower;
Think of our early, whispered vows,
O sing of youth's sweet hour!

Hereford, March 14, 1880.

SARAH ANN STOWE.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The statement made, no doubt through inadvertence, in the recently issued report of the Crystal Palace Company, that "this society's enforced removal from Exeter Hall may probably lead to its dissolution," being calculated to do us serious injury, I trust that you will allow me through your columns to give the statement in question the most absolute contradiction. Arrangements have already been made to give the concerts of the season 1880-81 in St James's Hall, with a picked band and chorus, one of the preliminary measures being a re-trial of all the present voices; and the committee are also contemplating the performance of several works which have either been laid aside for many years or which have not previously been performed by the society. So far from dissolving, therefore, we shall enter upon the ensuing season under conditions which, while calculated to maintain the present high reputation of the society, will tend to promote its career of usefulness for many years to come.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. H. MANNERING, Hon. Secretary.

August 7th.

[See another column.—D. B.]

THERE seems to be much disappointment at Leeds on account of the promised oratorio of Dr Sullivan (*David and Jonathan*) being abandoned for a cantata (*The Martyr of Antioch*). An oratorio from the composer of *The Light of the World* was anxiously looked forward to by the Leeds amateurs, and the splendid Yorkshire choristers were longing for their vocal parts, to study and master as they had so successfully studied and mastered *John the Baptist* and *Joseph* of Professor Macfarren. It is to be hoped that *The Martyr of Antioch* will make ample atonement.—Graphic.

MALIBRAN.—Mr Legouvé tells us in his recent *Memoir*, that the violent temper of Malibran's father, Garcia, caused a severe quarrel, which resulted in the separation of father and daughter. The breach had already lasted several years when, one evening, the opera *Otello* was produced at the Théâtre Italien, with Garcia in the rôle of Othello and Malibran in that of Desdemona. The daughter, as usual, was admirable in the part, and the father, unwilling to be outdone, became once more the Garcia of his best years. The success was complete, and an enthusiastic re-call necessitated the hasty raising of the curtain after it had fallen on the first act. Desdemona was discovered almost as black as Othello. Moved by the ovation in which both had shared, Malibran had thrown herself into the arms of her father, and in the embraces which ensued Garcia had imprinted upon her features some of the dye which stained his own. Mr Legouvé, who was present, says that no one in the theatre thought of laughing; the audience immediately understood the affecting nature of the incident, and, ignoring all that was grotesque in it, applauded with transport father and daughter, reconciled by their art, their talents, and their triumph.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Covent Garden Concerts are going on prosperously. Mr. F. H. Cowen, the new conductor, makes out his programmes with judgment and varies them discreetly. The first "English Night" was not only interesting *quand même*, but contained some things new to the public. Among these was a spirited overture by Mr. W. Austin (whose *Fire King*, at the Leeds Festival of 1877, will not have been forgotten), and selections from the incidental music composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen for Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. The latter comprised an overture, two *entr'actes*, and a march, all of which possess unquestionable merit, the first *entr'acte*—a "Serenade," graceful and melodious from beginning to end, and scored for the orchestra with extreme delicacy—more especially. The first movement of a pianoforte concerto in A flat, by John Field (called "Russian Field," in contradistinction to Henry Field of Bath, another famous English pianist,) was played by Miss Bessie Richards just as such tuneful unobtrusive music should be played—with quiet repose and expression always natural, never exaggerated. The overture was Sterndale Bennett's *Die Waldnymph*, his first composition for the Leipzig Gewandhaus, where, when Mendelssohn directed and Schumann wrote criticisms, our gifted countryman was so universal a favourite. About this poetical masterpiece to say more than that it was admirably rendered would be superfluous.—Graphic.

TRANSLANTIC WHIFFS.

(From our own Chicago Interviewer.)

Pauline Canessa-Fischer is at the Saratoga Springs. C. D. Blake visits White Mountains, accompanied by his charming wife, an excellent amateur pianist. Fanny Kellogg is at Swampscott. Walter Emerson is playing at Nantasket. Anna Drasdil is in the Berkshire Hills. (Inside one of them, like frog in stone, or fly in amber. Sweet Anna D! Why didst thou abandon us at a pinch? Jonathan! Jonathan!—you longfingerbone all our treasures!—DR BLIDGE.) Isabel Stone Pond summers at Icituate. Matilda Toedt, the violinist, is at Woodsburgh. The family of Theodore Thomas are at Nantucket. Sarah Barton is at Salem. B. F. Lang summers at Lynn. George F. Bristow is at home in Morrisania, vocal parts of his re-scored opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, having just been published by the author (who, a quarter of a century ago made Jullien present of a fugue.—DR BLIDGE.)

PLIGHTED.*

They sat within a tranquil bay,
In sunlight's fast expiring glow,
And watch'd the glorious god of
day
Beneath the ocean sinking low!
"E'en as yon waves return," cried he,
"Unto the cliff they left at morn,
So, love, will I return to thee
And keep the vow that I have
sworn!"

She stood upon the strand, alone!
A ship rode o'er the stormy main;
Its masts are rent—all hope is gone,
It sinks, to never rise again!
Her heart beats high with anxious
fear
While 'on the moaning wind is
borne
An angel-whisper, soft and clear,
"I'll keep the vow that I have
sworn!"

She woke from out a death-like swoon,
And gazed upon the tranquil bay,
Resplendent, 'neath the beaming moon,
The sea in peaceful slumber lay!
A lifeless form she knows too well
There, to her feet, the waves have borne,
Tho' never more his love to tell
To keep the vow so fondly sworn!

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LEWIS NOVRA.

Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Company has been doing excellent business in Dublin. Mr Maas, returned from Paris, has joined them, and is now playing Wilhelm Meister in *Mignon*, after the instruction and advice so graciously communicated to him by Ambroise Thomas, the composer of that very popular work.

MR SOTHERN.—Mr Sothern, we regret to say, has been obliged, under medical dictation, to cancel his engagements for next season, and to undertake a year of enforced rest. Those who know what that is to an actor may well be excused for the anxiety which this intelligence excites. On the 11th inst. Mr Sothern wrote to us from Brighton, Eng., giving the details of his illness, and asking a reticence in regard to it from which his cable despatches to his agents have since absolved us. "I have been, and still am, dangerously ill," he writes, "and am here under charge of a celebrated physician in such nervous complaints, but so weak that I can scarcely crawl from room to room." Then, with his old pluck and dash, he continues:—"The doctor says that he believes he can cure me. I do not—but that doesn't seem to signify. I know that I have as many lives as a cat; but possibly this may be my ninth." The latest telegrams report him as still very ill; and as his disease is nervous prostration, it is to be feared that we shall never again see upon the stage one of the greatest comedians of this age, who ranks with Garrick in his versatility and popularity, and with Charles Mathews in his natural ease and grace. On and off the stage, Mr Sothern has been for a quarter of a century one of the idols of the public of America and England, and yet the impression he always leaves in society and by his acting is that of perennial youth. His resistless flow of wit, humour, and jollity, bubbling from an apparently inexhaustible spring of good humour and good feeling, cannot be associated without an effort with such contrasts as the painful prostration and dull decrepitude of disease. We hope that it is still many years too soon to write Mr Sothern's obituary; but he cannot be dead to the stage for even a season without temporarily eclipsing the gaiety of two nations.—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

WAIFS.

Anton Rubinstein has been working at a new stringed quartet.

Gobatti's new opera, *Cordelia*, will be produced next winter at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Miss Emma Abbott is writing her biography, modestly entitled *The Story of a Great Singer*.

Professor A. Bovio, of the Milan Conservatory, has been created knight of the Cross of Italy.

Herr Nachbaur, like his colleague, Herr Reichmann, from Munich, has been starring at Kroll's, Berlin.

The Teatro dei Floridi, Leghorn, has been re-opened with *Norma*, after remaining closed fourteen years.

The Municipality of Palermo have voted 50,000 francs for the Carnival and Lent season at the Teatro Bellini.

Giulio Cesare Sonzogno, brother of Sonzogno, the music-publisher, died on the 21st ult. at Pelle, on the Lake of Orta.

Arthur Sullivan's *Contrabandista* has been produced at the Oakland Garden, Boston (U. S.), with entire success.

An oratorio, *Redemption*, by Gounod, will be performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1882. (*Credat Judeas*.—DR BLIDGE.)

Mdme Christine Nilsson does not go to America this year, and Mdme Etelka Gerster will be Mr Mapleson's leading *prima donna*.

The head quarters of the Marcello Benedetto Society, Venice, are to be transferred from the Palazzo Da Ponte to the Teatro della Fenice.

The Teatro Armonica, Trieste, is to be re-opened by Herr Freund with German operas and operettas, performed by artists from Vienna.

A Leipsic paper states that Mdle Anna Mehlig, the pianist, is about to marry a wealthy Antwerp merchant. (*Conna, beau masque*.—DR BLIDGE.)

The Chevalier Schira is busily engaged at Milan upon his new and long-expected opera, for which, it is believed, Sig. Boito will supply the libretto.

The hundredth performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* at Munich was given on the 26th ult. His Majesty of Bavaria has much to answer for.—(DR BLIDGE.)

Herr Emil Pauer transfers his services as *Capellmeister* from the Stadttheater, Königsberg, to the Court and National Theatre, Mannheim, where he is engaged for three years.

Maud, a comic opera, with libretto by Earl Marble, and music by Alfred Cellier, is to be brought out in New York. (Bravo Marble! are you an alley, a stoney, or a clay?—DR BLIDGE.)

Dr Chater was on July 26 re-elected by the Conseil Municipal of Boulogne-sur-Mer, a member of the "Commission de Surveillance" of the Museums at Boulogne-sur-Mer—for the next six years—a position he has filled during the last seven.

When a New Hampshire chap wanted to break the engagement existing between the girl he loved and another fellow, he did not try to persuade either that the other was false. He got them to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they were not on speaking terms. (£100 for a meaning.—DR BLIDGE.)

"Mdle Van Zandt," says *The Parisian*, has passed through Paris en route for the sea-side. She is to give six representations in Denmark, beginning on the first of September. The Queen of Denmark sent her chamberlain to Mdle Van Zandt to offer her the engagement, and she is to begin at the Opéra with *Mignon*, in which she had so great a success. Mdle Van Zandt will sing French, while the rest of the performers sing Danish. The charming American artist will return to the Opéra-Comique on the 1st October, and again appear as *Mignon*. (She should be called Mignonette.—DR BLIDGE.)

The English critics have been tolerably unanimous in saying that Mr Raymond, the American comedian, is a capital actor, but that the dramatic sketch, *Colonel Sellers*, is unmitigated rubbish. The manager of the Gaiety theatre advertises the piece as having been "stamped with approval by sixty millions of Americans of average intellect." To this *fanfaronade* Mr G. A. Sala replies that "there are not sixty millions of Americans in the whole United States. There are not fifty millions; and, until the next census is taken, it would be rash to say that there are forty-five millions. Finally, that which may suit the average American intellect may be entirely distasteful to the average British one, and vice versa. I will give you an example. In England we are all enthusiastic admirers of Mr Toole. The Americans did not like him. The Americans were enthusiastic admirers of their own tragedian, Edwin Forrest. We thought him unrefined and noisy."—*Parisian*.

Mlle SARAH BERNHARDT begins to-night a series of five performances at Copenhagen with M. Dieudonné. On the 23rd instant she will return to Paris to rehearse, and after a brief tour—lasting till September 29—in Tours, Nantes, Angers, Bordeaux, Lyons, and other places, she will embark for America. M. Charles Darcou states Mlle Bernhardt will receive for twenty-five performances in the French provinces 50,000 francs—that is to say, £80 a night. Fighting the Comédie Française seems to pay.—*ALMAVIVA* (London "Figaro.")

HAMLET.—It may not be generally known that Ambroise Thomas originally intended the part of the "Sabled Prince" for a tenor voice; but not being able to find a sufficiently good actor among the tenors at disposal, he altered the music so as to suit Faure (the first Hamlet). Now, however, with the approval of the composer, M. Heugel is about publishing the score as it originally stood. So that, when the new edition is issued, Sig. Campanini, or any other ambitious tenor, may avail himself of so favourable an opportunity of adding a new part to his repertory.

THE BRUSSELS FÊTES.—(From an occasional correspondent).—Music has played an important part in the Jubilee anniversary of the Belgian Independence *fêtes*; and (which is still more gratifying) with some slight exceptions the programmes were almost exclusively drawn from the works of Belgian composers (a lesson for ourselves). The pieces of most pretension were the cantata, *Philip von Artevelde*, by Gevaert, who succeeded Fétis the elder as Principal of the Conservatory, and another cantata by Pierre Benoit, who next to Gevaert, stands in the first rank of native musicians. A symphony by Fétis, who was much more learned than imaginative, and a much after bibliographer (with all his blunders about foreign art) than composer, as well as a *finale* from an opera, *Le Siège de Calais*, by the late Charles Hanssens, were also included. Hanssens, for some years conductor at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, earned a high position among Belgian composers, and earned it worthily. No one in his day was regarded with more esteem by the great body of his fellows in art. Examples from the works of Soubre, Lassens, and others were also introduced; H. Vieuxtemps, greatest of Belgian violinists, was represented by a concerto, entrusted to M. Colyns, formerly his pupil; and M. Auguste Dupont exhibited his claims, both as producer and executant, in a pianoforte concerto of his own. A motet by Josquin des Prés, and a madrigal by Roland de Lassus (better known as Orlando Lassus), were but scanty instalments from the old Flemish school, which, as all students are aware, exercised no insignificant influence on the progress of the art. (The tacit but underhand opposition of the Roman Catholic Clergy had much to do with this.) The vocalists were Mme Padilla Artôt and M. Warot, whose choice of songs from foreign sources was a little out of keeping with an occasion so avowedly exceptional. The Festival, organized by the Brussels Musical Society, and conducted by M. J. Dupont, with M. Warnots as chorus-master, lasted three days, and was eminently successful. F. L. C.

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